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1984

MAD

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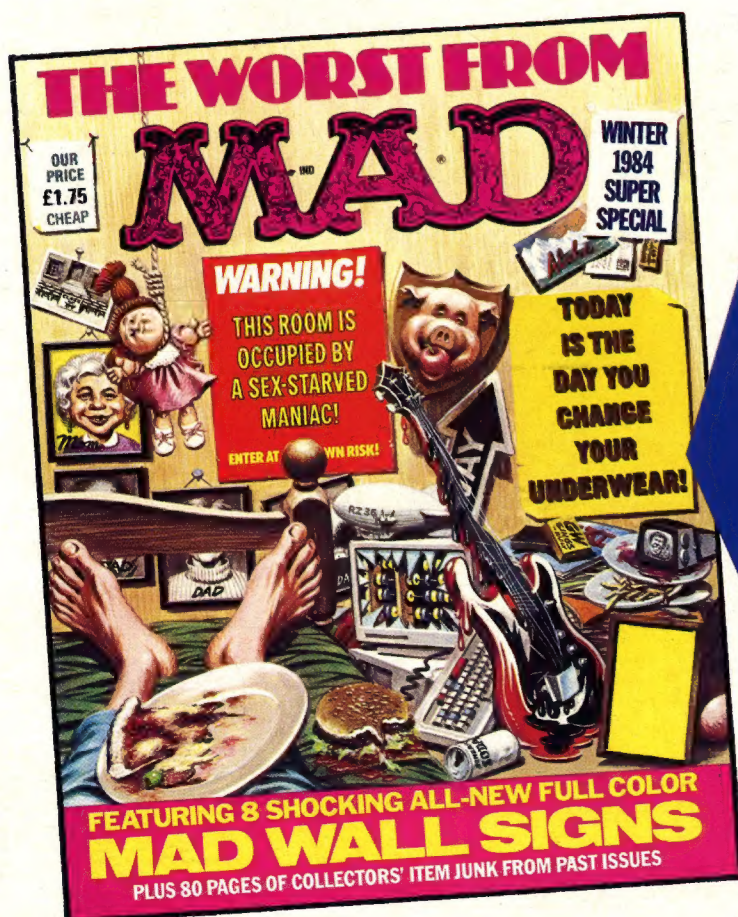
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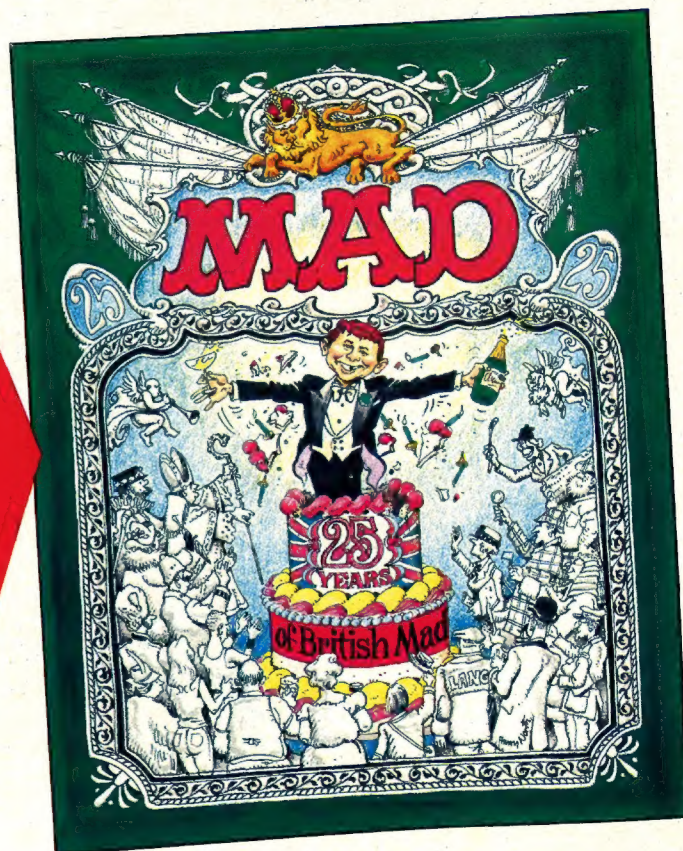


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NUMBER ONE IN A FIELD OF ONE

"An opportunity is never lost! Some smart guy always grabs the one you miss!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BLAST LAUGH DEPARTMENT	
Things To Do On "The Day After"	15
DAILY BREAD DEPARTMENT	
Psalm For A Modern Television Preacher	34
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT	
The Electrician	24
DOUBLE-BUBBLE DEPARTMENT	
The "Ins" And "Outs" Of Daily Conversation	20
IT'S TRAINING CATS AND DOGS, ETC, DEPARTMENT	
Other Uses For Household Pets	18
LETTERS DEPARTMENT	
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail	4
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT	
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones	**
NEUMONIC PLAGUE DEPARTMENT	
The Alfred E. Neuman Show	29
OUR FEATURES PRESENTATION DEPARTMENT	
MAD's Ideal Presidential Candidate for 1984	12
PARTY FAVOURS DEPARTMENT	
Contemporary Work/Fun Gatherings	22
SHOCKING PUNK DEPARTMENT	
"The Young Bums" (A MAD TV Show Satire)	6
SWEAT SUCKS! DEPARTMENT	
The Sham-Jock Catalogue	25

**Various Places Around The Magazine

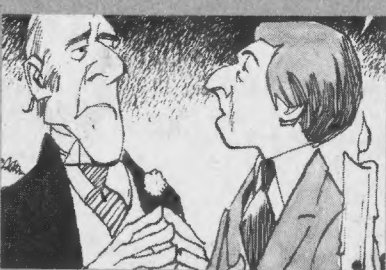
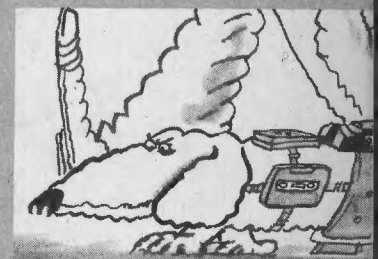
VITAL FEATURES

"THE YOUNG BUMS"
(A MAD TV Show Satire)
Pg.6



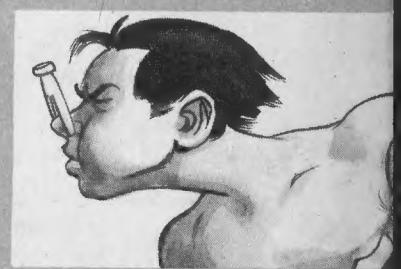
THINGS TO DO ON
"THE DAY AFTER"
Pg.15

OTHER USES FOR
HOUSEHOLD PETS
Pg.18



THE "INS" AND "OUTS" OF
DAILY CONVERSATION
Pg.20

THE 1984 SHAM-JOCK CATALOGUE
Pg.25



THE ALFRED E. NEUMAN SHOW
Pg.29

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MAD MAIL

Well, we've finally made it! 25 and not out . . . and whilst we think we can reflect a little in the glory, we mustn't forget it would not have been possible without you, the many thousands of readers and your support through the past 25 years. For this we thank you and look forward to the next 25 years!

We couldn't let this opportunity go by without mentioning the two other MAD items on sale this month. Our regular Winter Special will include 8 full colour wall signs and our Jubilee Souvenir Special which will also include a reprint of our first edition. Next month we are taking a look at Indiana Jones as well as our usual load of junk etc.

yours MADly

BIRTHDAY BLEATINGS

Dear Mad,

I've been buying your magazine for 15 years now and would like to offer my congratulations on arriving at your 25th birthday. What has impressed me during the past 15 years I have been reading it is the fact that the standard of the magazine has not deteriorated at all, in fact if anything it has gone up! I'm always amazed how you manage to keep this up month after month but whatever the secret is, keep doing it!

Les Hopkins
Chelsea

Dear Mad,

Happy birthday to all the MAD offices. Keep on turning out your magazine so we can get mad each month! It's the only thing that keeps us sane! Terry, Bob, John and Phil

Birmingham

Dear Mad,

I know you're 25 this month but how come Alfred doesn't look a day older than when I first saw him way back in 1967?

Henry Samad
Watford

He wears well!

Dear Mad,

Having kept our household in stitches every month for the last 25 years, what are you gonna do for the next 25 years?

Reg North
Harrogate

We dunno, but we'll think of something!

"THE RIGHT STUFF"

Dear Mad,

I think the "usual gang of idiots" must have been really spaced out when they wrote "The Right Stiff".

Mike Bowermaster
Plainfield

Dear Mad,

After I read "The Right Stiff" (Mad 266), I finally realised what happened. You assembled a group of men who broke the "Useless Trash Barrier".

David Garner
Atlanta

ANSWERING MACHINES

Dear Mad,

Thought the features on Famous Literary Characters Answering Machine Messages was great. Correct me if I'm wrong but didn't you do one of these before?

Stuart Nelson
Hull

Yes, we did one in 1978 (No.192) although it was for Famous Peoples' Answering Messages.

"GRIMLINS"

Dear Mad,

The feature on Spielberg's new film "Grimlins" was excellent — now all I have to do is wait till December for the film to come out and then I can see how excellent!

John Derek
London

ALFRED AT THE OSCARS

Thank you very much for allowing me to use your copyrighted character Alfred E. Neuman in my Oscar-winning film "Sundae In New York". It was a pleasure working with Alfred although his insistent demands for a perfect set of chop-sticks had us running all over town until we found a

Dear Mad,

What's the big idea? Up till now you've always featured films after we've seen 'em. Now you tell us it's not opening till December! Still, it has wetted my appetite to go and see it when it does get shown so perhaps the film company won't mind too much!

Sue Manly
Leicester

Dear Mad,

Cuddly creatures . . . Ugh, I hate them. But I'll forgive you . . . it's the first MAD preview I've seen, maybe you should do this more often!

Joan Felix
Wolverhampton

Dear Mad,

Why publish a feature before we've seen the film? Are you acting as publicity agents for the film companies now!

Terry Gander
Ipswich

Dear Mad,

I know you must get lots of letters from new readers on who Alfred E. Neuman is so why don't you publish a potted history of his background?

Andrew Benson
Torquay

We did, many years ago (25 in fact) and it was in our first edition. If you get our souvenir edition on sale this month you will get to look at it!

pair with the right feel for Alfred. Again, on behalf of the entire cast and crew, thank you for making Alfred available for the cameo role, even though we had to kick his agent off the set for excessive kibitzing.

Jimmy Picker
Brooklyn, NY



Dear Mad,

Who answers the letters in MAD Mail, is it someone in Britain or are they sent to the U.S.A?

Also, I am puzzled by the inferences of "It's a mad, mad world" in No. 266. If I'm not mistaken (as I might be) I believe I remember that Tom Koch or someone with a similar name has been with MAD for many years. I wonder what the single reference to "Americans" could mean.

You must admit that this is confusing. I also feel that you as a British Editor would be advised to consider the implications of vilifying Pres. Regan and the first Lady in a magazine that is freely available to all age groups and has a 'comic book style format'. Is the Fold-In in the same issue consistent with the magazine's supposed aim of innocent entertainment. I feel this is a matter for your careful consideration.

Martha Whyte
London W.11

All letters sent to us are answered by us! As for Tom Koch, you're right, he has been with MAD for quite a while, but we can't see how you find the feature confusing. Anyway, where do you get the idea we provide 'innocent entertainment'?

Dear Mad,

Although I wasn't too astonished to read about the price of MAD going up to 60p., it made me think of many of your other "dedicated" readers in their high-chairs, y'know, the two-year olds who only get 55p pocket money!

Adrian Pearce
Newbury

Dear Mad,

Having finally got around to ordering three Binders for my collection of MAD magazines I find you've run out! Get with it you guys!

Tom Ford
Loughton Essex

Sorry about the delays, we've now got further supplies from the manufacturers so there should not be any further hold up.

Dear Mr. Newsagent,

Please reserve/deliver a copy of MAD Magazine each month until further notice.

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Mr. Newsagent, if you have difficulties in obtaining supplies of MAD please contact the Distributors: Moore Harness Ltd., Norman Road, Thurmaston, Leicester.

Only a few left . . .

That's right, only a few World War I veterans are left . . . however, there's still plenty of MAD Back Issues left at the new price of 60p each (including postage) Please give alternatives with your selection.

- 212 Coronation Street
- 213 Vague-\$
- 217 Rocky II
- 218 Calamatyville Horror and Airplot '79
- 219 Apocalypse Now
- 220 Academy Awards for Dating
- 222 Benson
- 223 Crymore Vs. Crymore and The Crockford Files"
- 224 Being There
- 225 The Dukes Of Hazzard
- 226 The Empire Strikes Back & Coalminers Daughter
- 227 Queezy
- 229 Undressed To Kill
- 230 More Efficient Government
- 231 Dallas & Ordinary People
- 232 The Professionals and Raving Bull
- 233 Hart To Hart
- 234 Popeye & Altered States
- 235 Superman III
- 236 Elephant Man and Different Strokes
- 237 Ultimate Horror Movie & Magnum P.I.
- 238 Raiders Of The Lost Ark
- 239 Outland
- 240 For Your Eyes Only
- 241 Video Games and General Hospital
- 242 Pop Biz & Family Fools
- 243 Hill St. Blues
- 244 Academy Awards/Mad Max 2
- 245 The Great American Hero
- 246 Now Starring At The White House
- 247 The Brawl Guy
- 248 M*A*S*H
- 249 Rocky III
- 250 Conan & Superman XX
- 251 E.T.
- 252 Startrek II and Annie
- 253 The Poltergeist
- 254 Officer & A Gentleman and Private Benjamin
- 255 Simon and Simon & The Verdict
- 256 Tootsie/The Dark Crystal
- 257 Minder
- 258 Knight Rider
- 259 Return Of The Jedi and The A-Team
- 260 Superman III & Square Dregs
- 261 T.J.Hooker
- 262 War Games
- 263 Psycho II & 9 To 5
- 264 Staying Alive and Newhart
- 265 Trading Places/Risky Business/Flash Dance
- 266 Right Stuff
- 267 Scarface
- 268 Yentl & Remington Steele

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First there was the Monty Python team, a nice bunch of middle class chaps who booted television comedy into the 70's. Then there was the Not the Nine O'Clock News team, just as nice and just as middle class, who dragged it into the 80's. But then came a bunch who were not nice, not middle class, and often not very funny either. They were . . .

THE YOUNG BUMS

ARTIST: DAVID STOTEN WRITER: ROBIN SEAVILLE

I'm **Wreck**, and if you don't like it you can go away (surreal!!) **Everyone** calls me Wreck including me because I have trouble with my R's. And if you think that's just a **cheap way** to get in lots of **jokes** about my **bottom**, then you're absolutely **wright**. In fact I've written a **poem** about it. 'Oh **botty**, everyone thinks you're **grotty**, **botty**, because you sit on a **potty**, **botty**. But I don't.' (Wright on!)

I'm called **Veralynn** and I have a hand in most of the **violence** that goes on in this **series**. And usually a **boot** and a couple of **knuckledusters** as well. My **ambition** is to stick **safety pins** into every square inch of my body, then die horribly of **blood poisoning**. I have a **hamster** called **SAS** - it stands for **Stuffed Animal Skin**, because the BBC couldn't afford a real one.

I'm **Nil** and I'm into **lentils**. I think if **more people** ate lentils, there would be no more **war**, no more **atom bombs**, no more **unemployment** and no more **lentils**. Which means I would die of **starvation**. Not that anyone would care anyway. I'm **hungry**. I think I'll have a **hamburger**.

Call me **Muck**, right? Muck rhymes with **duck** - duck and drake, on the **make**, which I am all the **time** - time is **money** - money, **funny**, which I'm not because they never give me any of the **jokes**, only **tortuous metaphors** like 'this could be the big one, and I don't mean **Cyril Smith's vest**' - vest, pest - **pest control**, dole which we'll all be on soon unless we can come up with a **plot** even more noisy and **anarchic** than last week's.

Hello all you crazy **Consul Cortina Capitalists**! I am **Alexei Sellout**, and each week I come on wearing this tight suit and Hungarian butcher's **haircut** to make the same **jokes** in a silly accent, for example; I am not really Russian. It's just the way **my hat** stands. Ho, ho, ho, very satirical humour, like your **Rolf Harris**, yes? 'Tie my wallaby up, sport, tie my wallaby up.' And **now** before I waste any more of these 1960's references - which none of the **audience** understands anyway - here is this week's rib-ticking episode called '**Apocalypse? Wow!**'

David Stoten

Nil, this lunch you've cooked me is **disgusting!** I can't eat a **lentil omelette**.

Because I had a **lentil omelette** for **breakfast**, that's why not, Nil! Why can't you make something with a bit of **taste** for a change?

Oh, **wright on, wright on!**

Why do you keep saying **right on** like that, **Wreck?**

Because I want to compose a **poem** about you **Nil**, and I need something to **write** on okay?

Why not, **Wreck?**

I can't **Wreck**, this is the most **tasteless** show on television.



Look, don't get **heavy** man.

I'm hardly **likely** to get **heavy** on the food I eat in this house, am I Nil? I'm so **thin** I fell down a **drain** on my way home.

I thought that **funny** smell was coming from your **bottom**, **Wreck?**

A **bottom** joke already and we haven't been on **five** minutes!



Oh wow.

Nil, why did you just **blow up** my lunch like that?

It's not **my** fault, Wreck. The oven **always** **explodes** during the first **five** minutes. It's in our **contract**, remember?

Do you know the **difference** between **you** and a broken **leg**, Nil? A broken leg is **FUNNY!**



That was a big flash, and I don't mean **Last Tango** in Paris. Enter Muck the **smooth dwarf**, to thunderous applause. Checks profile. That's good. In fact, it's **so good** I'm thinking of having it transferred to the **FRONT** of my head. But hang about. **The audience** doesn't sound so big tonight. In fact it's about the size of **Dudley Moore** sitting in a hole. Turns to **Wreck** for the **punchline**.



It's all wright Muck, I'll deal with the hippy, you don't want to get **blood** on your **signet wring** do you?

If I had a **kaftan** for every time they **beat me up** in this series, I wouldn't be able to get my **overcoat** on.

Wreck, look what I picked up on the way home.

Oh thank you very much **Verallynn**. Do you wrealise you very nearly creased my **Cliff Wrichard** for God poster?

Sorry Wreck, I meant to **destroy** it utterly

Why can't you use the **door** like everyone else?

Because I destroyed **THAT** utterly last week!



Look, I got a letter this morning.

What does it say?

'Aitch.'

Uncanny!

I smell a rat and I don't mean in Nil's cooking.

On the other side it says the BBC are taking us off because our nihilistic brand of anarhic humour is setting a bad example to kids.

I knew we should have taken over Television Centre when we had the chance.

We couldn't Muck because -

No don't tell me. you destroyed THAT utterly the week BEFORE last!

Hello boys! Tremeloes, Cilla Black and Ford Prefects!

Mr Bokanowski, YOU haven't asked the BBC to take us off the air just to get us out of your house have you?

Who me? Igor Bokanowski? Troggs, mini-skirts, Carnaby Street? I am your FRIEND, Wreck. Which reminds me, you owe me £250 for unblocking the shower.

But the shower wasn't blocked, Mr Bokanowski.

It will be, with your head if you don't cough up, Dave Clark Five, Randall and Hopkirk Deceased.

In That case you'd better talk to someone who's already so wet, getting stuffed into a shower won't make any difference. NIL!



I can't pay it, Wreck, I haven't got any bread left, man.

Don't tell me, you used the last of it to make lentil sandwiches.

How did you know?

Because I wrote the script, that's how I know, hippy.

No, I'm not very happy actually Wreck, because since you wrote the script, you get all the jokes while everyone else has to make do with miserable uncool puns like that one.

All right lads, everybody out, it's time for my spot.

You've got a spot, Mr Bokanowski? Would you like to borrow my acne cream?

Do you mind, son, England winning the World Cup? Leave it out.

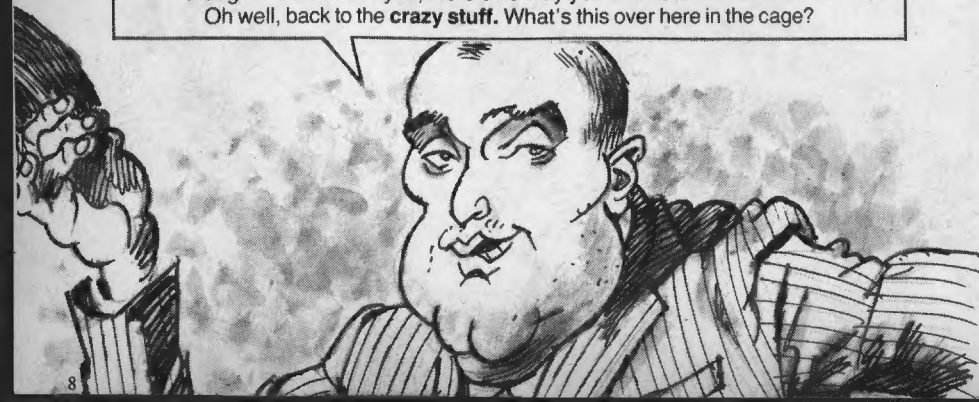
Yes all wright, I'll leave it out on the shelf in the bathroom.

With teenagist jokes like that no wonder the BBC have had enough of them, Dangerman. Swinging London, Freddie and the Dreamers.



I saw a social worker in a Morris Minor the other day. He was driving a hard bargain. I bought a Norwedgian pine scatter cushion last week, sitting on it goes against the grain. I never take drugs, me. I always have to pay for them like everybody else. I live in Stoke Newington. On a Saturday night it's a cosmic experience - like falling down a Black Hole. I'm a Marxist. Harpo is my favourite. I'm the best thing on this show. I thought I'd better tell you, there's no way you'd have known otherwise. Oh well, back to the crazy stuff. What's this over here in the cage?

If I wasn't stuffed before, I am now. In the next shot I WAS going to explode but it was cut in case the RSPCA was watching. This show has always prided itself on its social conscience!



I'll kill that rotten director when I get hold of him!

Okay lads, all bets are off, this is the **bottom** line. If the BBC is going to close us down, we'd better do something to make this **final show** really go with a **bang**. Any ideas?

Blow up London and have an **orgy** at Buckingham Palace!

Blow up Nil and have a laugh at his **expense**!

Blow up a few **balloons** and have a **party** at the house.

Like it, Nil. It's got **class**, and I don't mean a couple of **desks** and a stick of **chalk**. I hope someone's taking all this **down**, I might want to find out what I'm talking about **later**.



This is the part of the **show** where I go into the **toilet** to drown myself and **Veralynn** comes in and kicks a hole in the **cistern**. But I've fooled him this **time**. I've already **shot** myself in the head! Mind you, I didn't put any **bullets** in the gun, I'm a **pacifist**.



Who are you?

Best place for you, I bet you don't even know the words to '**Blowin in the Wind**.'

You're not going to let a **big star** like **Cliff Richard** perform in your **TOILET** are you?

Of course not. We're going to let **HIM** perform on the **LID**!

We are **Duran Duran** and we're this week's **group** performing in the **toilet**.

Just a **minute**, Nil. **Duran Duran** aren't **big enough** to play on such a successful show as this. There's only one person who is - **Cliff Wrichard**!



If life's a **party** darling, you're a can of **Fosters**. And I'm talking **six-pack**!

No, I'm **English**. And you don't get many of those to a pound of **toffees**!

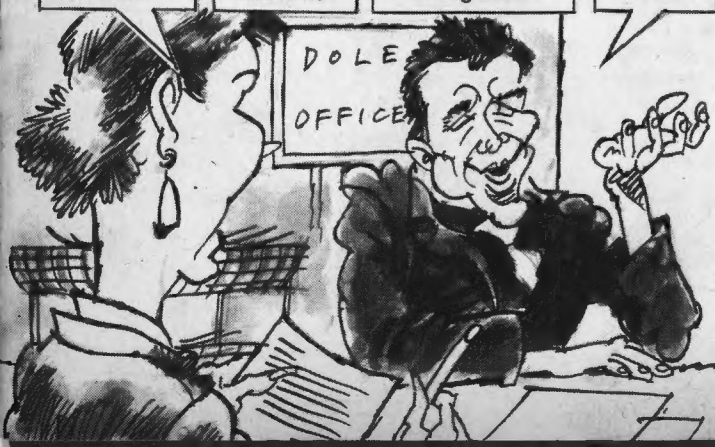
Read, write, name the **Seven Dwarfs**, what's the price of **eggs** compared to the number of **Heinz varieties**?

Give us a **Kiss** and I'll tell you! It may be **sexist**, but at least everyone knows what it means!

Never mind that, are you **literate**?

I **meant** can you **read** and **write**?

Look. What are you talking about?



Hey man, your **banner's** upside down.

Far out, man.

We're going to storm the symbol of repression in our society, the symbol of **tyranny**, the symbol of **privelege** and **consumerism**!

I know man. It like, represents the **confusion** of my soul in the **inchoate maelstrom** of the universe.

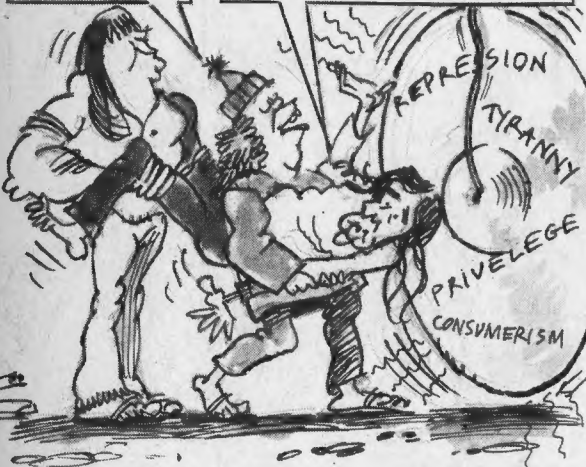
Also I was **stoned** when I painted it. Where are we going?

Wow, man, you mean **Sainsbury's**



No man, but what the hell, one **cymbal** is as good as another.

My **horoscope** said I would meet a load of **headbangers** today. It didn't say it was going to be **MY** head they'd be banging!



.... and after the **party**, brothers, we'll **wrise** up in armed **wrevolt**, wright?

Wright! Or rather, **right!**

But first, I'll wread you my new **poem**. 'Wrevolution, are you the **solution**, wrevolution? (far out!) you're not confusion, wrevolution, You're a **fusion** of losts of different things (Cliff will be proud of me!) so let's do it in **collusion**, wrevolution!' (This is the stuff the kids want! **Wright**. Kids?)



Rubbish! Get off! Bring back **Pam Ayres!**

I bet **Che Guevara** never had this trouble!

I'm going to get **sacked** soon and I need a really wild and violent **gimmick** for the **going-away party**. What can you suggest?

How about a couple of **Bengal tigers**?

How about a couple of **Bombay ducks** then? They're almost as wild and violent.

Too big to fit in my **pockets**.

Not very **noisy** though are they?

Depends how **tight** you hold them. (Is this **REALLY** going out on **BBC2**?) Tell you what, if it's **noise** you're after, I've got **just** the thing.



Great! If you're going to be **fired**, this is the only way to go!

What did you get for this **party** then, **Wreck**?

Two packets of **crisps** and a bottle of **Tizer**, if you **MUST** know **Muck**.

Is that all?

I would have got **more**, only **Nil**, who shall remain **nameless**, forgot to go to the **bank** for me this morning.

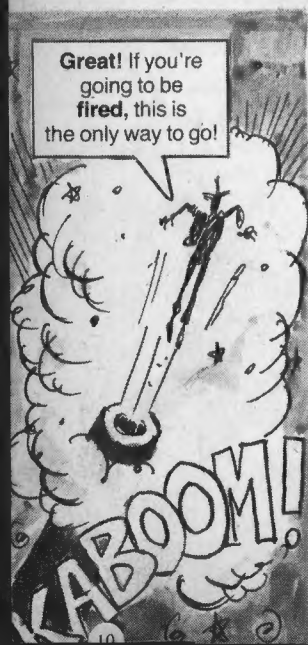
What did you get then, **Nil**?

A **Headache** **Muck**. Actually, I think I might even have bruised my **karma**.

Sounds painful.

It is, man. I didn't know I **had** one till someone **trod** on it.

And **Veralynn** ...? Where's **he** got to?



Hey lads, I've got the **Police** outside.

The Police? You brought **Fascist Pigs** to my home? you wrat, Veralynn!

No, the **GROUP**, Wreck. They want to play in our **broom cupboard**, and since it's the last of the **series**, they'll only charge us 2 million quid instead of their **USUAL** fee!

I'm sorry Veralynn, they're still too **small** for our show. I'm going to wring up **Cliff** now.

Great! Cliff Michelmores is **ALL** we need to make this **party** a complete **disaster!**

I say **Harry**, what are we **doing** up here?

I don't know, **Roger**. This is one of those **surrealistic bits** the **Young Bums** stick in from time to time for no **apparent** reason.

Do you think we're **supposed** to be **funny**?

I shouldn't think so, **Roger**. What's so **funny** about two **stuffed walrus** wearing **false beaks** sitting on a **telephone wire**?



Maybe we should just **eat** each other? All the **stuffed animals** on **this** show seem to die **horribly sooner** or **later**.

If it's **all** the same to you **Roger**, I'd rather just **sit** here and read my **Tatler**.

It's a **mes** business but **someone's** got to do it. Can I go **home** now please?

Roger? Let me **out** of here!



Well, I must say the **costume department** has done us proud. Look at all these **weird** characters!

They're tying **Nil** to an **atom bomb**, **Muck**.

The only trouble is we **still** haven't arranged a **big bang** to end on.

What do you **mean**, weird characters? They're this week's **studio audience!**

That **hippy** gets all the **luck!**

What are those two **aardvarks** doing in the corner?



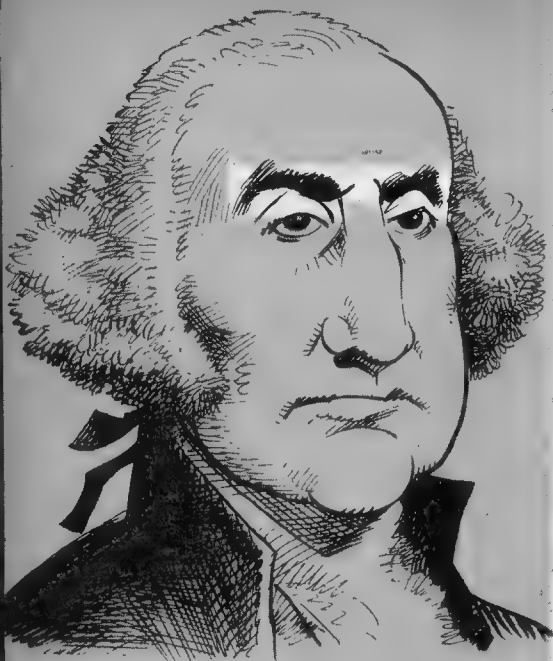
That's better service than **McEnroe** gives. **Who** are you?

I am your **Fairy Godmother**, sent by the **BBC**. Sign this contract for a new series and the **government** will let them **double** the licence fee as a reward for keeping another five **layabouts** like you off the **dole queue**.

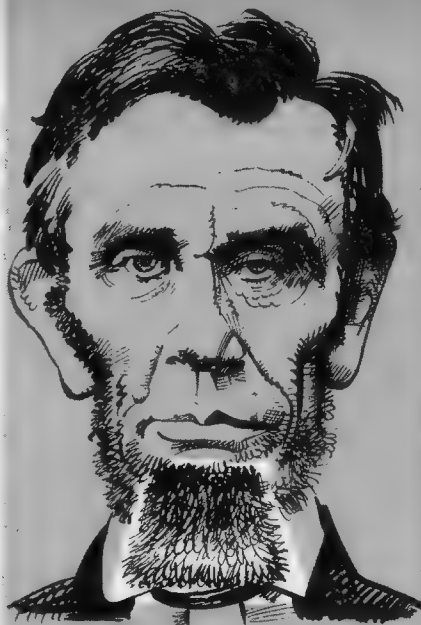
Out of order! And I don't mean **broken down** and dripping oil **all over** the floor. (This stuff gets **worse!**)

Okay, so it was a **sneaky** trick but how better to get rid of my **goody-goody** image than by appearing with the **Young Bums**? Who knows, in the **new series** they might even let me sing in the **coal shed!**





**The Eyebrows of
GEORGE WASHINGTON**



**The (Upside-Down)
Beard Of
ABRAHAM LINCOLN**



**The Eyebrows, And
Wedding Ring Of
RONALD REAGAN**

OUR FEATURES PRESENTATION DEPT.

This summer, America's two major political parties held their National Conventions to nominate their candidates for President of the United States. And this November, the voters will choose between them. Of course, these Presidential candidates will have good features... and bad features. But neither will be perfect! Which brings us to this article: We've taken selected features from two dynamic past Presidents... plus all the other hopefuls who, either actively or passively, sought their Party's nomination in 1984... and put them together to bring you—



MAD'S

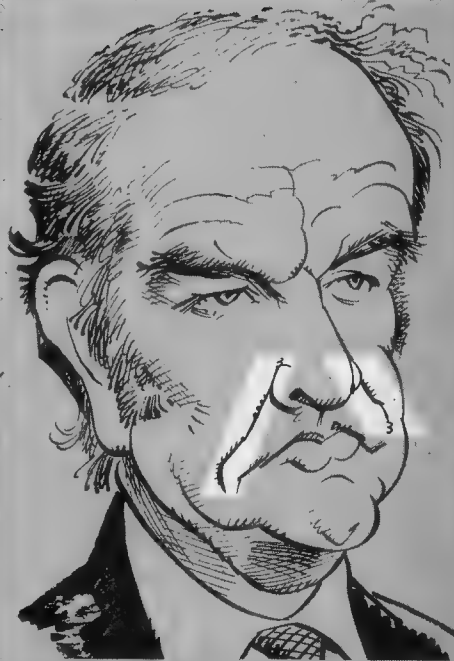
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



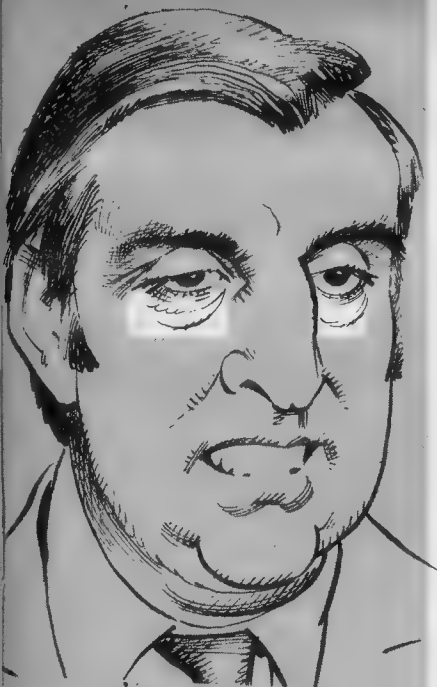
**The Nose, And The
Shock Of Gray Hair Of
TED KENNEDY**



**The Bald Pate Of
JOHN GLENN**



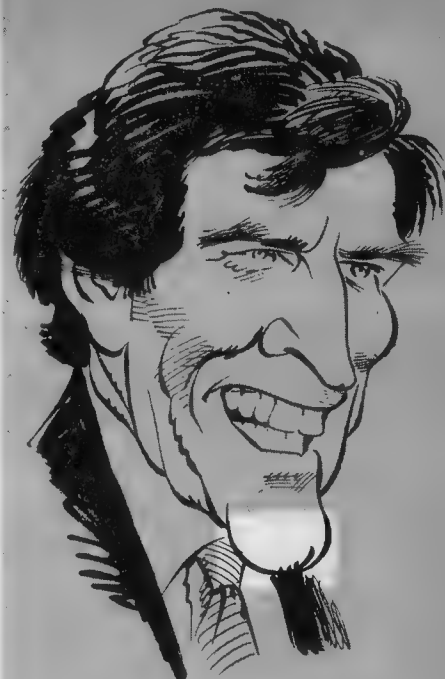
**The Expression Lines Of
GEORGE MCGOVERN**



**The Eye Bags Of
WALTER MONDALE**



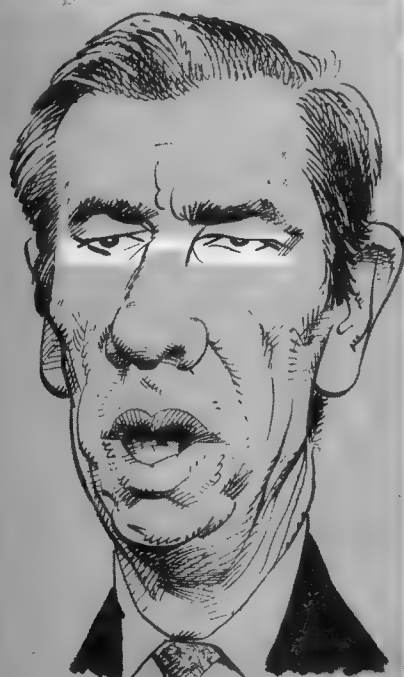
**The (Flipped) Hair
And Sideburns Of
JESSE JACKSON**



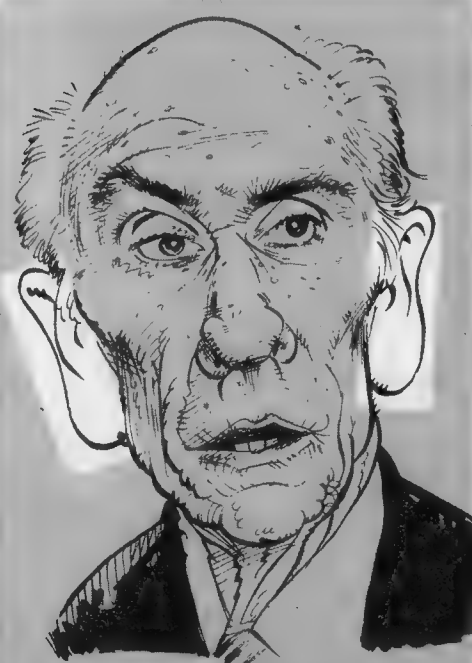
**The Chin Of
GARY HART**

IDEAL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE FOR 1984

WRITER: DON EDWING



**The Eyes Of
REUBIN ASKEW**

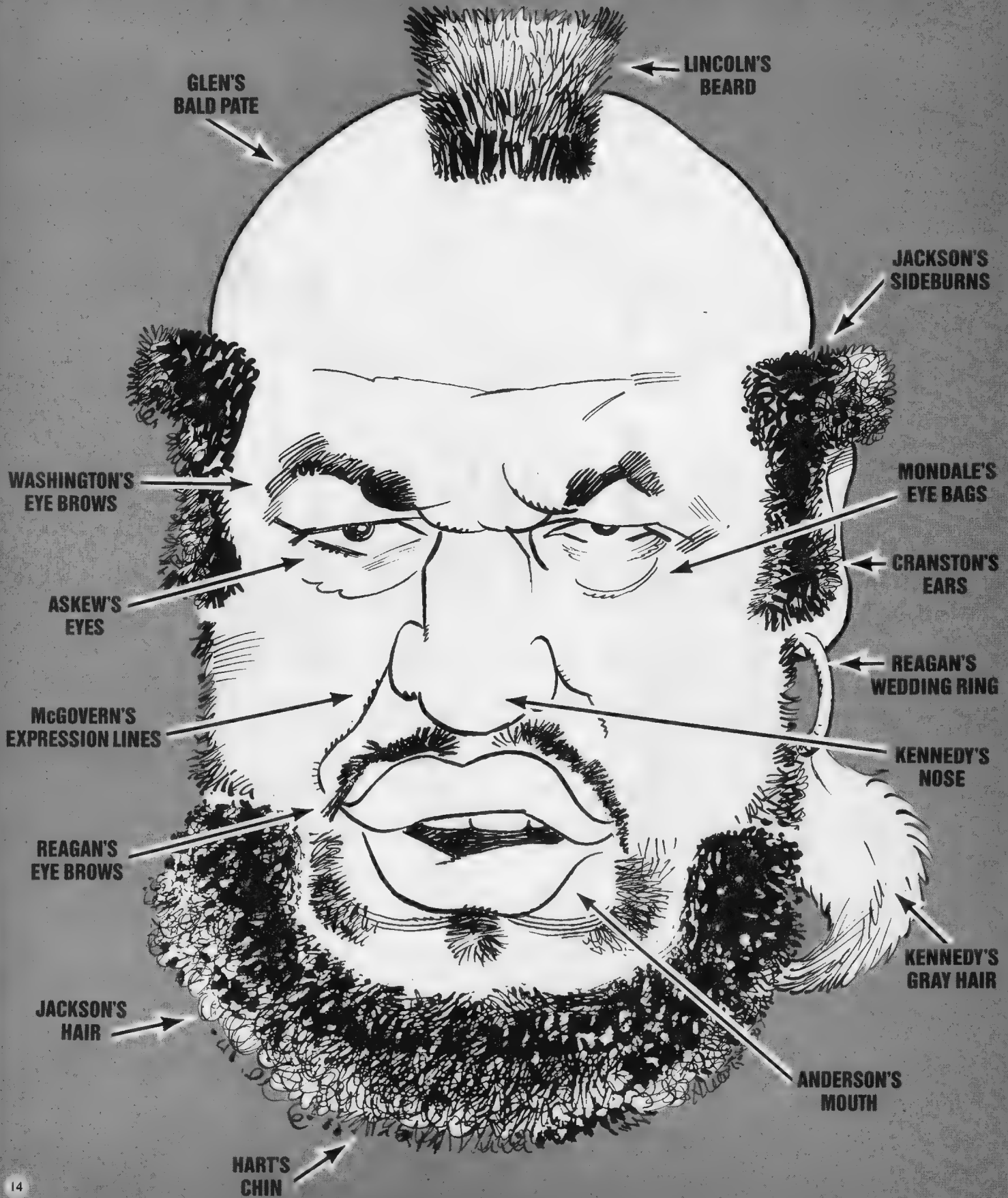


**The Ears Of
ALAN CRANSTON**



**The (Flipped) Mouth of
JOHN ANDERSON**

AND HERE HE IS ... MAD'S IDEAL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE FOR 1984



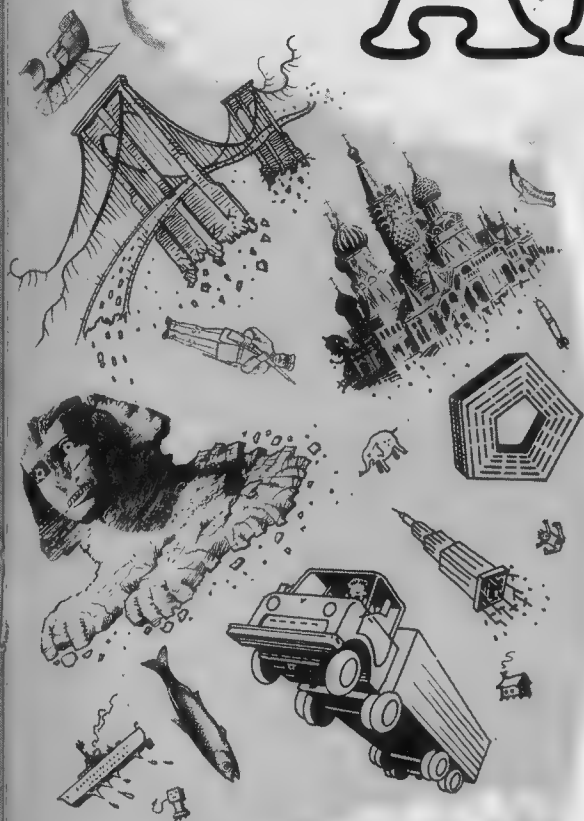
BLAST LAUGH DEPT.

Everyone knows that the best thing to do in difficult times is to keep busy! Keeping busy occupies your mind and prevents you from going into deep depression. So, just to be safe, here are some MAD suggestions for keeping busy during the difficult time ahead. Mainly, here are some

DANGER:
Govt. Health WARNING:
EXPOSURE TO NUCLEAR
RADIATION MAY BE
HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

THINGS TO DO ON THE DAY AFTER

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE





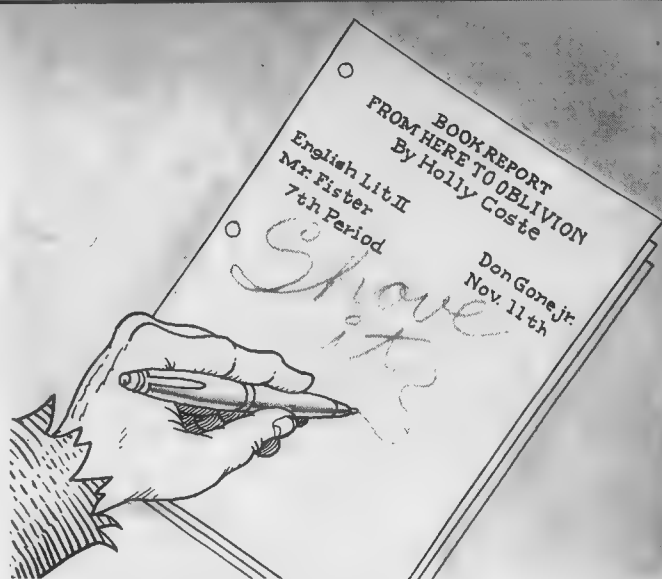
Cancel your subscription to "House Beautiful" magazine.



Use old "Nuclear Protest Signs" to close broken windows.



Find other uses for flashlights, now that you glow in the dark.



Write a tender message on your overdue term paper.



Use birth control devices for other recreational activities... now that everyone's sterile anyway.



Stuff a pillow with your falling-out hair, and...



... make a necklace with your falling-out teeth.



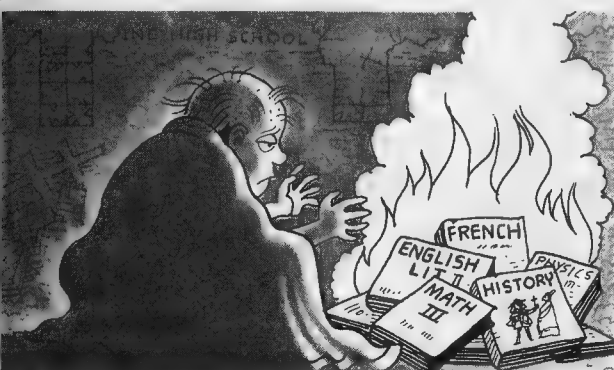
Put your Ten-Year-Calendar to more immediate practical use.



Park anywhere you like any time you like.



Put the cat out as a night light.



Use your school textbooks to keep warm.



Promise to clean your room if your parents buy you a bulldozer.



Call any broker and offer to buy ten million shares of General Motors Corp. for ten cents.



Treat your "Pro-Nuke" neighbor to a special cigar you've saved for just such an occasion.



Eat, drink and smoke anything you want! The nicotine, tars and additives are the least of your problems now.

IT'S TRAINING CATS AND DOGS, ETC. DEPT.

OTHER USES FOR

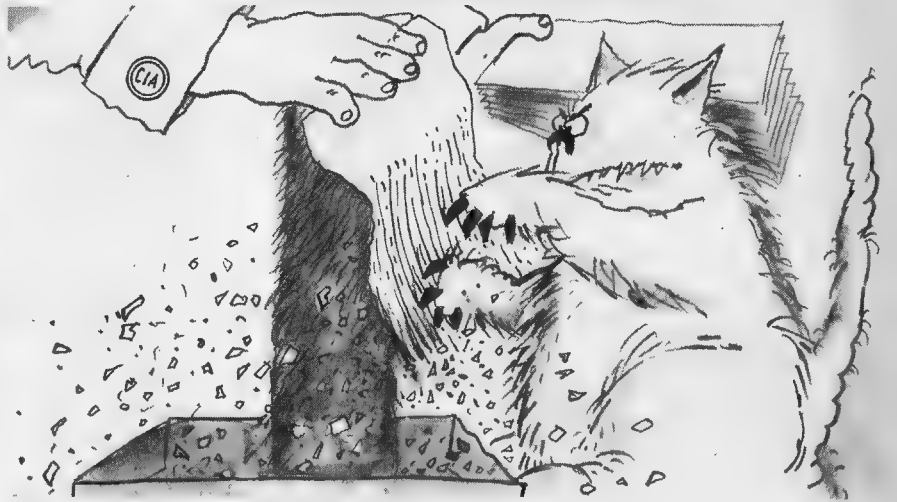
**DACHSHUND WALKMAN
CASSETTE CARRIER**



CHIHUAHUA PICKPOCKET GUARD



PUSSYCAT PAPER-SHREDDER



PARROT CLOTHES PINS



POINTER END TABLE



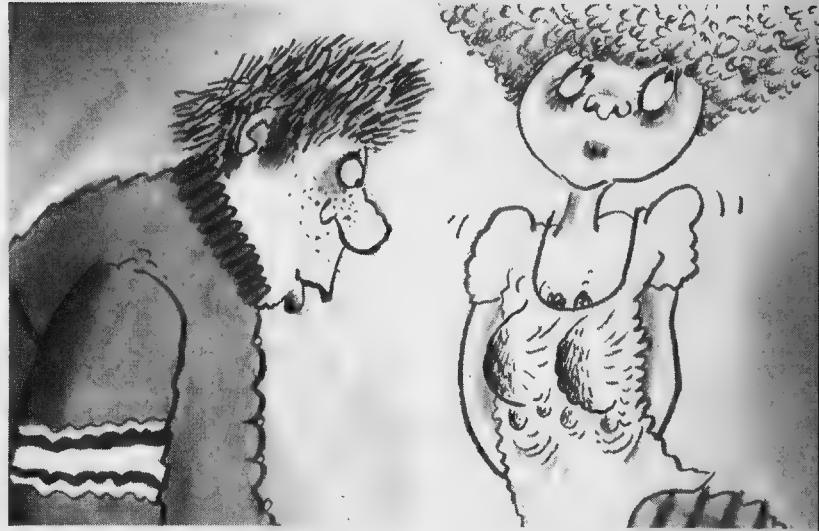
HOUSEHOLD PETS

WRITER AND ARTIST: PAUL PETER PORGÈS

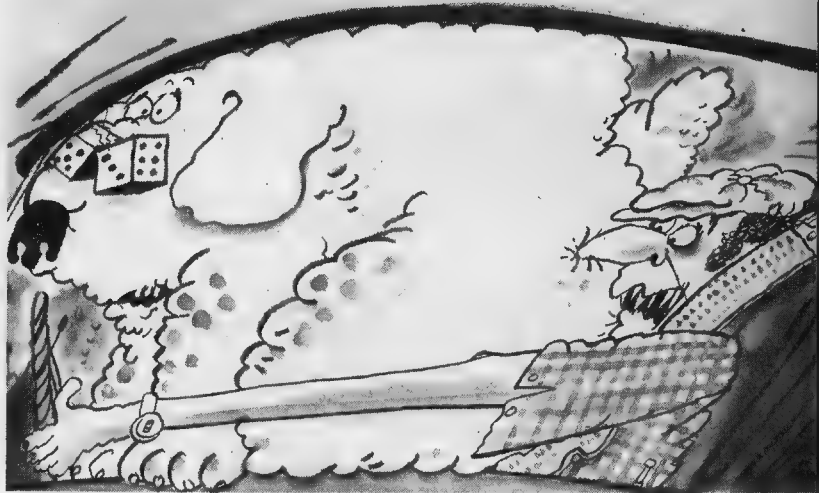
ST. BERNARD ENVELOPE SEALER



TWIN TURTLE NO-SLIP FALSIES



SHEEP DOG CAR CRASH SAFETY CUSHION



HAMSTER DOWNSPOUT CLEANER



CANARY COOKIE CUTTER



Did you ever stop to think that what you say isn't what you always mean? In other words (See? What *we* say isn't what *we* always mean, either!), we usually have two conversations going on at one time. First, there are words that

THE "INS" AND "OUTS"

AT FUNERALS...

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Melvin Twilley was more than a devoted Husband and Father! He was also a dear Friend! I never heard him complain! I never heard him say an unkind word!

I never even knew the guy! I never heard him say ANYTHING!

Oh, Melvin, my darling! I'm all alone now! What will I do without you! How could you leave me like this?

Idiot! Why didn't you take out that £100,000 policy while you had the chance!?!

There, there, Eloise! Just remember he gave you thirty years of happiness and a lifetime of memories! That's all you should think about now!

I wonder if it's too soon to ask her about the apartment?

Thanks for giving Dad this simple, dignified funeral, Mr. Hotchkiss!

It wouldn't've been so simple if we'd bought that bronze coffin you tried to stick us with!



AMONG ARTISTIC TYPES...

Armand, it—it's inspired! To me, it represents Man-kind trying to withstand the crushing inevitability of the nuclear holocaust!

Actually, it looks more like a crippled chicken!

More than that, it also connoted undying optimism standing firm before the fury of a world gone mad!

Holy cow! And all along, I just thought I was making a crippled chicken!



APPLYING FOR JOBS...

This is a fine opportunity for you to grow with our firm, my boy! Don't look at it as a job ... but as a life-time career!

I only need this clod for the big Holiday Season rush! Then, I'll kick him out on his ass!

This is a dream come true for me Mr. Fink! Just think ... a chance to learn the Retail Business from the ground up!

All I want is to take this idiot for £200, then I'm off to Spain for the Holidays!



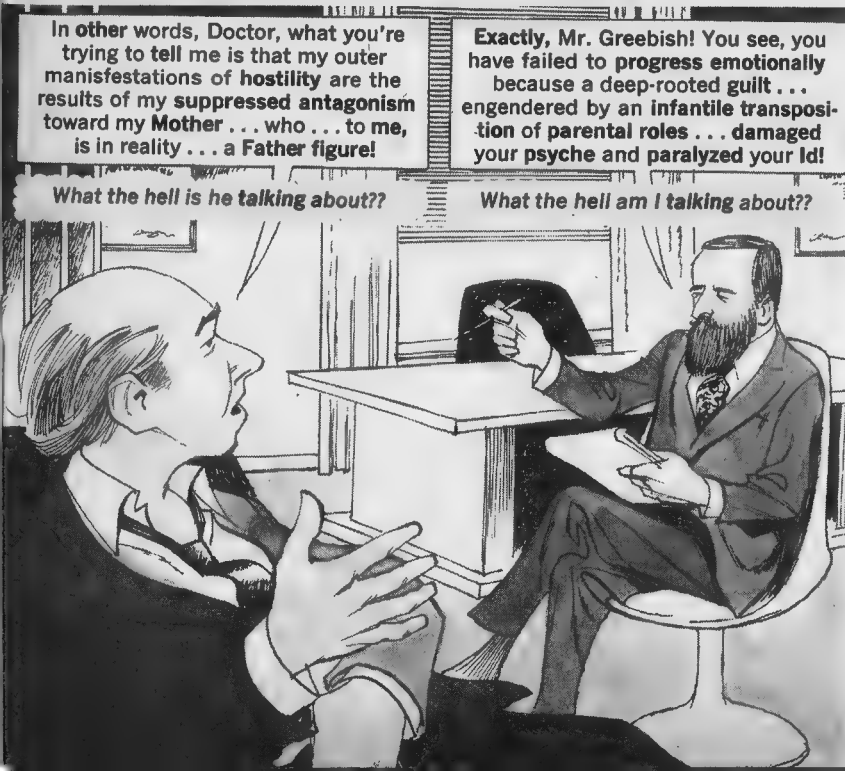
we *speak* which people *hear* . . . and then there are the words that we *think* . . . usually what we *really* mean to say . . . which *nobody* *hears*. In short, we speak with an "inner" voice and an "outer" voice. You'll see what it's all about in

OF DAILY CONVERSATION

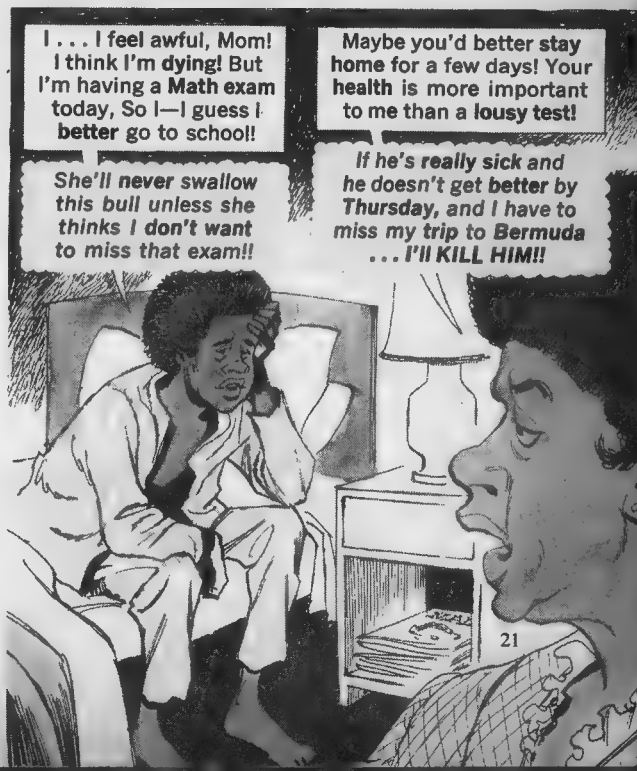
AT COCKTAIL PARTIES . . .



IN PSYCHIATRISTS' OFFICES . . .



WITH PARENTS . . .



PARTY FAVORS DEPT.

One of the differences between life in Colonial America and life in America today is that our ancestors used to participate in community gatherings where they would work and/or socialize at the same time in order to make tedious jobs a little more

CONTEMPORARY WORK/FUN

Master Billy Thompson
Desperately Invites You To
Join Him And His Friends In A

Bedroom Clean-up

As They Pick Up Hundreds Of
Toys, Games, Comic Books,
Dirty Clothes, Dirty Dishes,
Empty Junk-Food Packages,
Candy Wrappers and Possibly
His Long-Lost Kid Sister

On February Fourth At Ten A.M.

And Receive A Special Prize:

A Map Of Billy's Room Showing The
Last Known Location Of His Bed,
His Closet And His Dresser, Made
After His Last "Bedroom Clean-Up"

Come—See Help Clean Up The Mess
Old Friends You Helped To Make

You Are Hereby Ordered To Attend
Benny Hoppman's
Third (In Seven Months)

Stereo 8-Track Tape Deck Installation

Yes, Benny Has Had Another Tape Deck
Stolen From His Car! You Will Help
Him Put In A New One ... Or Else

On Saturday, March 8th.
At 12:30 In The Afternoon

Be Sure
And Lock
Your Car

... Or He'll Be Helping YOU
Install YOUR New Tape Deck
On The Following Saturday

You Are Cordially Invited
To Participate In
The Parker Family's
First Annual Emergency

Laundry Folding

Beginning At
Twelve O'Clock Noon
January 4th

When We Will Fold And Chat
In An Attempt To Clear The
Piles Of Unfolded Laundry
That Have Accumulated Since The
Resignation Of Our Maid, Zelda

Lunch And Dinner Will Be Served Plan On Making
A Day Of It

Sidney And Lydia Goldschmidt
Cordially Invite You To An
End-Of-The-Summer

Pool Cleaning

Where You'll Have The Chance To
Add Chlorine, Clean The Filter
And Skim The Surface Of All The
Garbage You've Put There

On Saturday, September The Sixth
At Three O'Clock In The Afternoon

If You Enjoy Being Near The Water,
It's A Perfect Way To Spend The Day!

How Our Pool
Gets So Filthy
Is A Mystery

Help Us
Get To The
Bottom Of It

enjoyable. Quilting Bees, Husking Bees and Barn-Raisings were just a few of the very popular communal work/fun gatherings back then, and we think that idea could fly today. So you are cordially invited to read the following invitations to . . .

RY COMMUNAL GATHERINGS

WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

Never Having Broken A Chain Letter
In Her Life, And Having Returned
From Vacation To Find A Backlog Of
Thirty Chain Letters In Her Mail

Miss Charlotte "Lucky" Millburn
Cordially Invites You To A

Chain Letter
Writing Party

On Friday, January Eleventh
From Three To Seven P.M.

We Have To Write, Fold, Stuff And
Address Over 400 Pieces Of Mail

All Of My Superstitious Friends
With Neat Penmanship Will Be There

Kindly Make Seven Copies Of This
Invitation And Mail Them To People
Who You Think Will Want To Help,
Or Suffer Terrible Bad Luck

In His Usual State Of Absolute Panic
Arnie (Bubba) Finklefarb
Anxiously Invites You To Assist Him
In His Fourth Bi-Annual
Final Exams Cram

On Saturday, June The Fourteenth
And Sunday, June The Fifteenth

From Twelve Noon To Midnight
In Hopes That Your Famous Expertise
In The Following Subjects Might
Get Something Through His Thick Head

Trigonometry
Earth Science

Social Studies
Spanish

English
Gym

With His Rent Several Months In Arrears
After Having Lost His Job, And Seeing
No Prospects In The Immediate Future

Mr. Edward P. Hall
Cordially Invites You To Assist At His

Moonlight Flit

On Wednesday, April 30th

We Start As Soon As The Landlord's Asleep

Bring Your Own Car—Or Truck—Or Anything
Else With Wheels That'll Carry Furniture

I Haul! You Haul! We All Haul For Ed Hall!

Absolutely No
Refreshments

But Plenty Of
Exercise

In Trembling Anticipation Of The Usual
First Night Activities Coinciding
With The Arrival Of His Mother-In-Law
For Her Annual Two-Week Visit

Mr. Zachary T. Mungler
Invites You To Participate In A

Family Argument

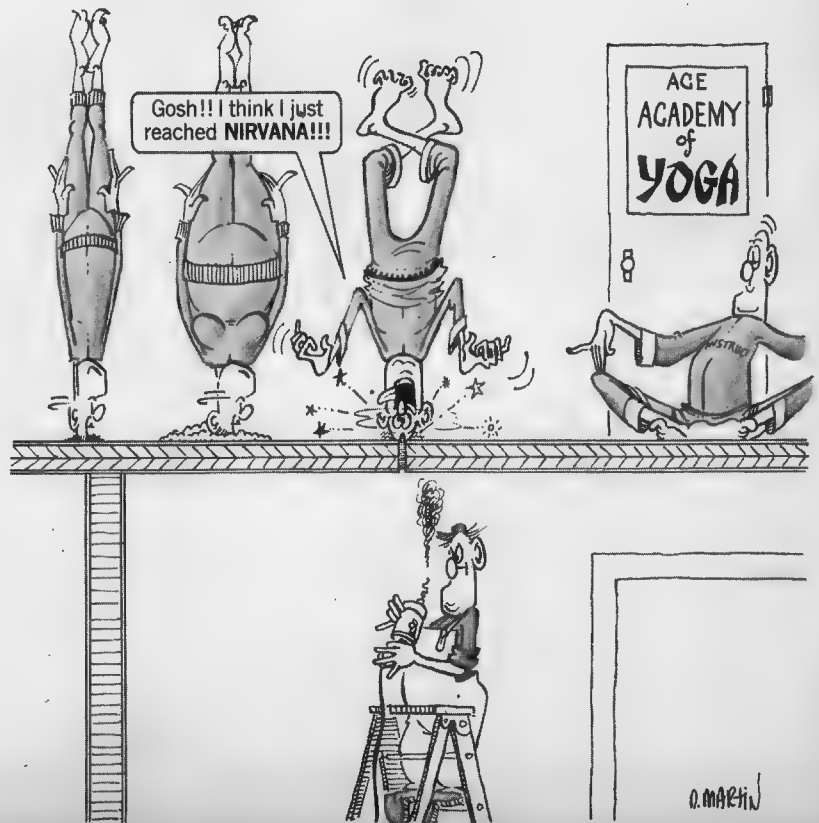
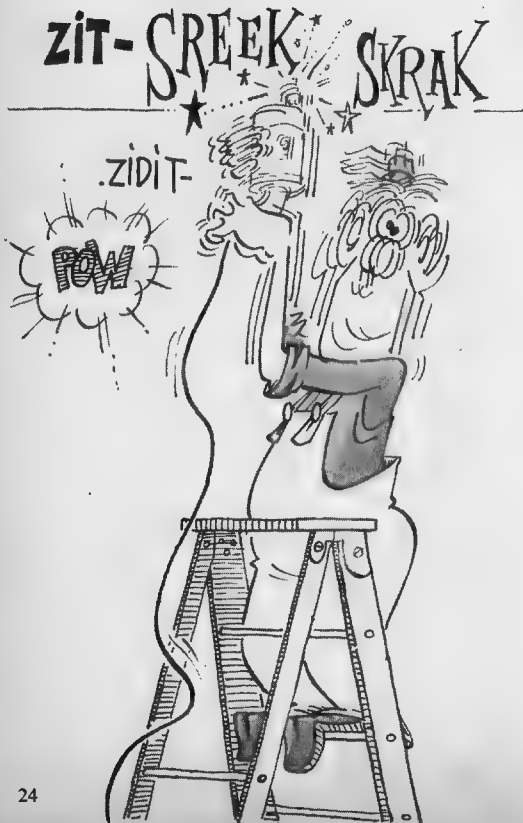
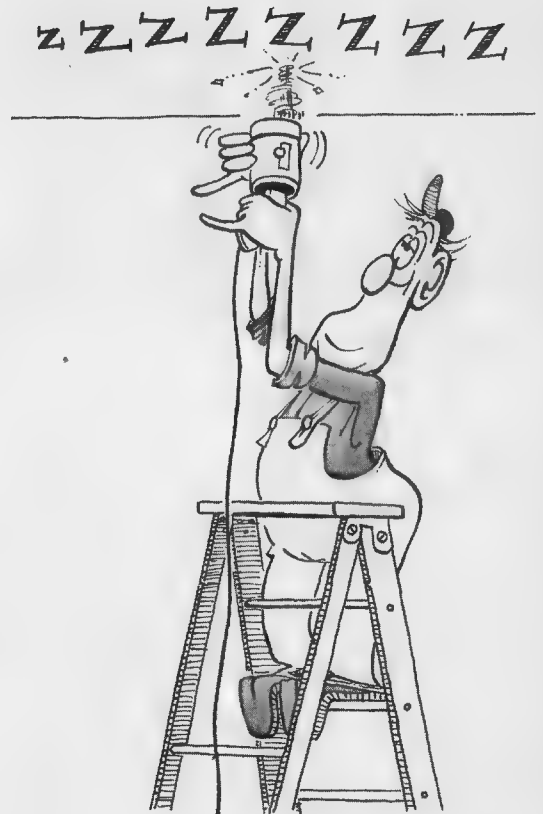
On Saturday, May Twenty Fourth
At About Eight-Thirty P.M.

In Which You Are Gleefully Encouraged
To Take Sides And Contribute Your Own
Insults, Accusations, Slurs, Recriminations,
Vilifications, Aspersions and Pet Peeves
(Even Though Such Back-Biting Might Not
Necessarily Apply To His Family)

To Drag Old Skeletons Out Of The Closet
And To Generally Rub Salt Into Old Wounds

Refreshments And Aggravation Will Be Served

THE ELECTRICIAN



SWEAT SUCKS! DEPT.

Wherever you look today, people are into jogging, tennis, marathon-running and other forms of (yecch) exerting pastimes. Mainly, physical-fitness has taken over. Which makes it really tough on lazy slobs who hate exercise in any form, but don't want to admit it. What in heck are they supposed to do? Well... as luck would have it, MAD recently came across a catalogue crammed with items especially designed for the "Non-Athlete." Which is our way of introducing...

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

IDEA BY JAMES KASMIR

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

The SHAM-JOCK Catalog

PHONY
ATHLETIC
ATTIRE
FOR THE
ARMCHAIR
ATHLETE

Get With The
Sham-Jock Look
And Fake Out
Your Friends!

SHAM-JOCK SPORTING GOODS, INC.
Manufacturing Equipment For The Non-Athlete
Who Wants To Look Like One Since 1980 Or So



OUR "SLOB'S SWEATSUIT" IS DESIGNED TO IMPRESS!

NOTE THESE EXCLUSIVE SHAM-JOCK FEATURES!

The "stenciled inscription" makes it look as if you once starred as a first-string college athlete.

The pre-stained underarms gives "evidence" that your sweatshirt has actually been sweated in.

The pre-patched knees convinces your friends that this is a garment that has actually been used for your grueling daily workouts.

The pre-ripped ankle bands backs up wild stories of your "courage" attempting to evade snapping dogs while jogging or marathon-running.



Sweatshirt elbows are triple-layer padded, providing comfy support for those weekends that you spend holding cans of beer while you doze off in your favorite easy chair!

NO. 819

£19.95

YOU REALLY GET INTO SHAM-JOCK SOCKS!



Sock it to your chums with our phony footwear! Each pair of our Sham-Jock Socks sports bogus "athletic stripes" at their tops—pre-faded to simulate rugged jock use! Actually, material is heather-soft cashmere for maximum luxuriating while you're goofing off!



Order 3 pair of socks and get a FREE spray can of our patented Foot-Stench formulated to duplicate the ulp-sickening smell of most runners' feet!

NO. 435

1 PR. £2.50

3 PR. £7.00

SMELLING IS BELIEVING!

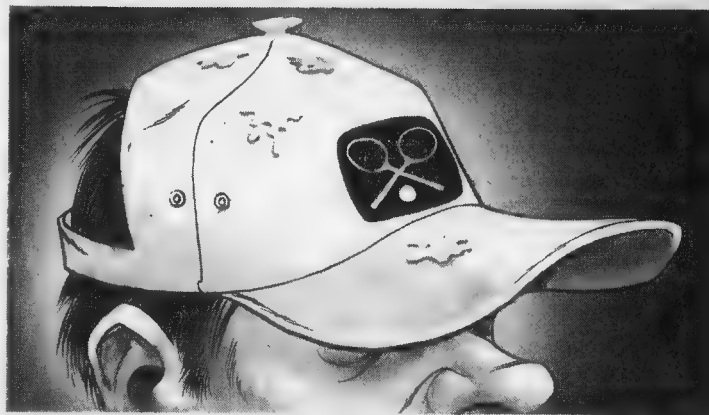


So why work up perspiration when you can spray it on with "Quik Sweat"? Applied to the face, it beads and runs like the real thing! Applied to the underarms, it clings and gives you that unmistakable "work-out odor"!

NO. 297

PER CAN £2.95

KEEP ON THE TOP OF YOUR GAME!



Your game of fakery, that is, when you wear your nifty Sham-Jock Tennis Hat! Pre-wilted and pre-stained with lifelike bird droppings, it has that authentic "Used Look" coveted by all lazy non-athletes! Order it today!

NO. 281 (SPECIFY HAT SIZE)

£3.95

OUR SHAM-JOCK SNEAKERS ARE A REAL "PUT-ON"!

Bending over can be strenuous! Why be "tied down" with ordinary sneakers when you can ease your feet into "Fake Laced" zippered slip-ons!



Factory worn soles will prove beyond a doubt that you're into heavy running!

Sole edges are decorated with fake "tar" and "doggie-do" stains... giving more evidence of much rugged street running!

YOU'LL LOVE THESE ADDED "EXTRAS"

Knots in laces will convince your athletic pals that these sneakers have seen plenty tough daily use!

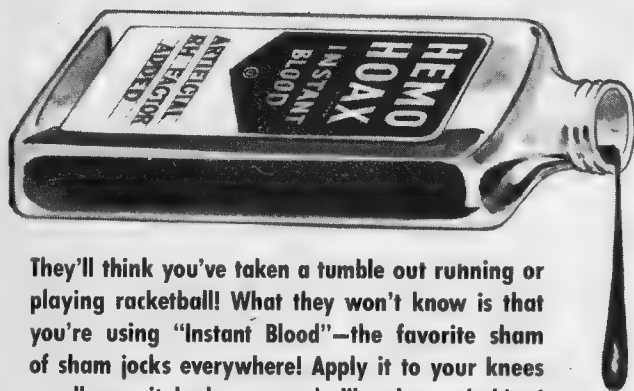
Optional "Imbedded Nail" effect adds to convincing "Run-In Look"!

Cushy heel-base with butter-soft padding guarantees comfort when propping feet on sofas, coffee-tables, footstools and hassocks!

Reinforced multi-layered toe tips resist wear and tear associated with kneeling and tuning TV sets.

NO. 1015 £16.50 WITH OPTIONAL IMBEDDED NAIL £18.50

FAKE THEM OUT WITH "INSTANT BLOOD"!



They'll think you've taken a tumble out running or playing racketball! What they won't know is that you're using "Instant Blood"—the favorite sham of sham jocks everywhere! Apply it to your knees or elbows, it looks, congeals like the real thing!

NO. 207 £1.95 PER BOTTLE

GET SMASHED OFF THE COURT!

It looks like a can of tennis balls... but actually, it's a sneaky "thermos" that holds 12 oz. of beer or booze or soda or whatever you drink! Now you can have a quick and quite snootful ...while all those other idiots around you are into (yecch) exercising like mad.

NO. 211 £5.95



WHO'S COVERING UP?

You are... when you dress up your library by covering up your old books with our fake jock-sounding jackets! Choose from these exciting titles:

NO. 290 EACH 95p.



YOU'LL LOOK GYM-DANDY IN OUR "DO-NOTHING" GYM SHORTS

**THE MORE YOU'RE OUT OF SHAPE
THE MORE YOU'LL LOVE THEM!**

Discover a new world of non-exercise with the gym shorts favored by out-of-shape "dawdlers" the world over!

The fabric is pre-grimed with road dust mixed with authentic city soot, creating the impression you're into heavy outdoor running like marathons!

Grass stains give "proof" you've taken spills on many a fictitious slope!

Seat is velour-lined for comfy softness while sitting around, and crotch area is double padded to prevent the dreaded "thigh shock" resulting from holding iced drinks between your legs.

NO. 663

£4.95

Rip in outer seam adds credibility to the respected "Much-Used Look"!

THE SHAM-JOCK GYM BAG HAS IT ALL!



Our most successful item of athletic fakery! Friends will think you're toting shorts, gym socks and other detestibles! In truth, as the cutaway shows, bag's interior contains compartments for stashing cookies, candy bars, potato chips and similar junk food necessities needed at a moment's notice by the phony jock!

NO. 275

£6.95

CHOCK FULL OF GOODIES

£14.95

GET INTO AN OLD RACKET!

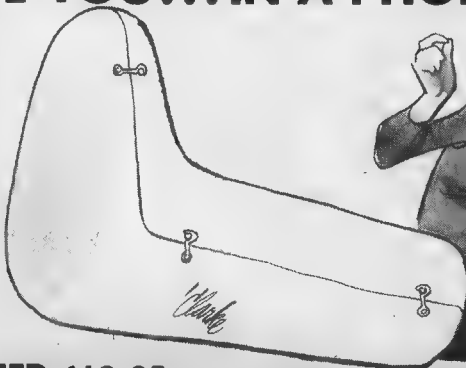
Carry around this beat-up old tennis racket... and look like a demon of the courts! Pre-scuffed and scratched, its loose strings provide you with the alibi that you're "waiting to have it re-strung!" You're not, of course, and you'll come off as a real tennis fanatic! Off the court, that is, before you can exert yourself!



NO. 244 £14.50

THEY'LL LOVE YOU... IN A PHONY CAST!

A must for the non-skier! Ultra light weight, it fits snugly around your leg as if something was actually broken! It's a sure-fire way to make out in the lodge, while the real skiers are wasting their time on the slopes!



NO. 224 £7.95

PRE-AUTOGRAPHED £12.95

When we heard that Alfred E. Neuman was to visit Britain in honour of MAD's 25th year in the U.K. we wanted to celebrate in style. After US comedienne, Joan Rivers' epic TV debate here before an audience of show-biz personalities we thought we'd line up a similar show for Neuman. We knew we could rely on superstars like Don Martin, Al Jaffee, Dave Berg, Sergio Aragones and many others we owed money to, to come crowding in. We overlooked the fact that Joan Rivers is funny! Anyway we spent a lot of money getting famous names into the audience — and then spent a lot of time strapping them into their seats. And here's the result, the once in a lifetime only (we hope) . . .

ALFRED E. NEUMAN SHOW

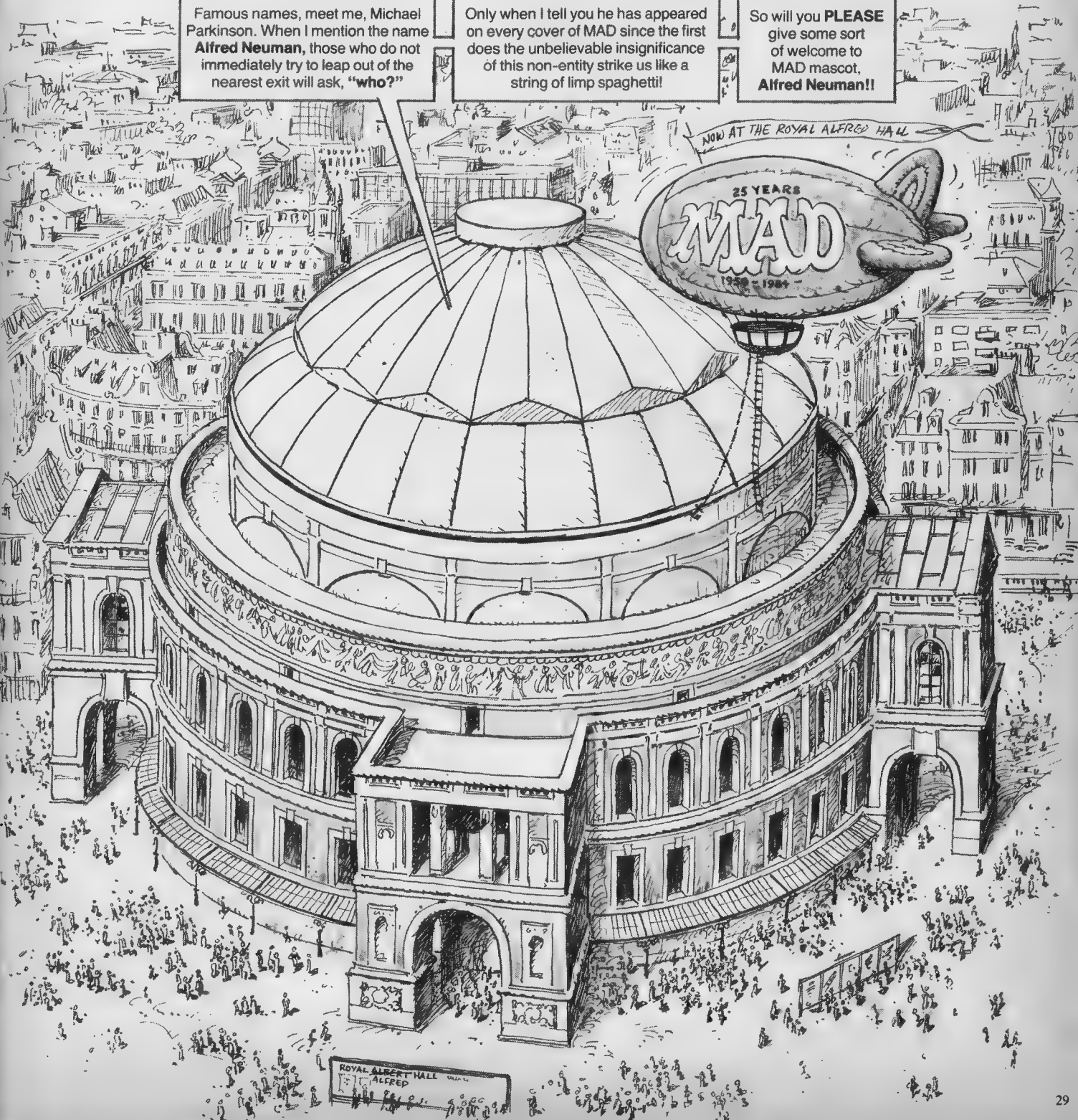
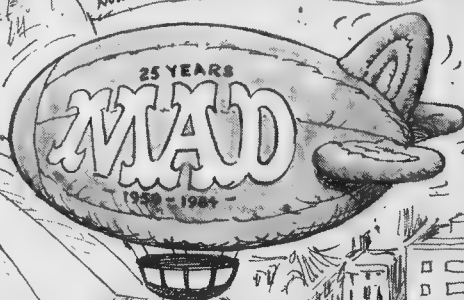
ARTIST: HARRY NORTH WRITER: DAVE ROBINSON

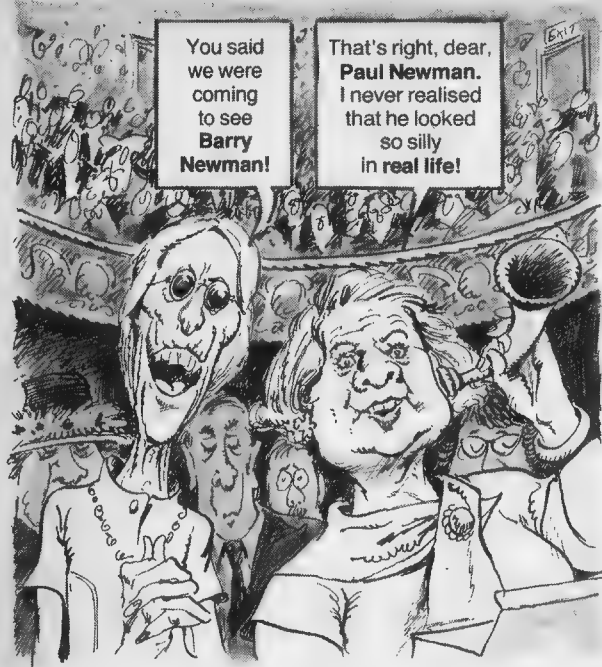
Famous names, meet me, Michael Parkinson. When I mention the name **Alfred Neuman**, those who do not immediately try to leap out of the nearest exit will ask, "who?"

Only when I tell you he has appeared on every cover of MAD since the first does the unbelievable insignificance of this non-entity strike us like a string of limp spaghetti!

So will you **PLEASE** give some sort of welcome to MAD mascot, **Alfred Neuman!!**

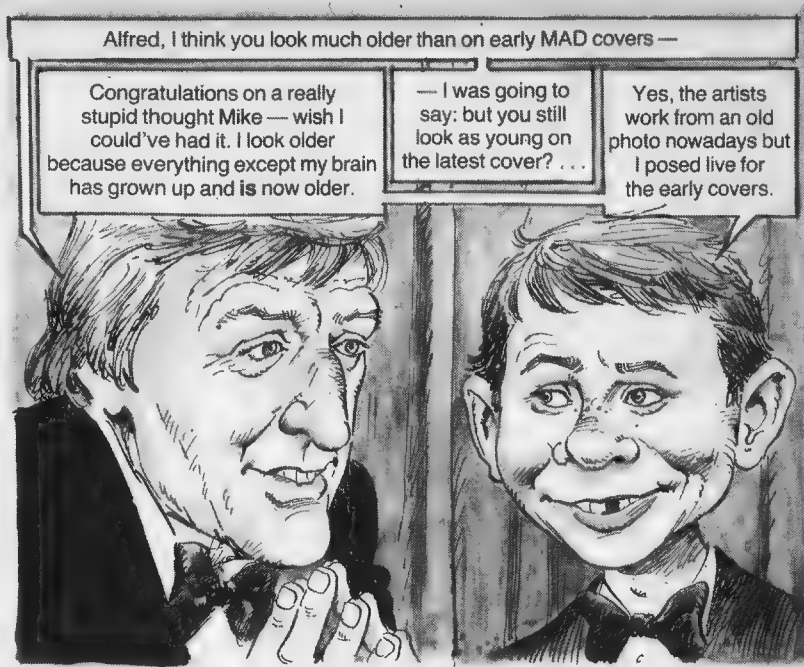
NOW AT THE ROYAL ALFRED HALL





You said we were coming to see **Barry Newman!**

That's right, dear, **Paul Newman**. I never realised that he looked so silly in real life!



Alfred, I think you look much older than on early MAD covers —

Congratulations on a really stupid thought Mike — wish I could've had it. I look older because everything except my brain has grown up and is now older.

— I was going to say: but you still look as young on the latest cover? ...

Yes, the artists work from an old photo nowadays but I posed live for the early covers.

Was modelling difficult? Take cover No.4, leaping into the **Grand Canyon**! That broke me up, by the way. Ha, ha!

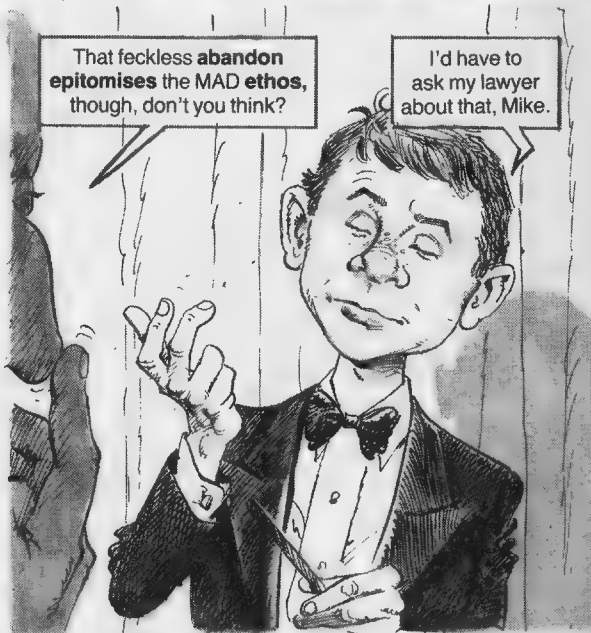
You **bet** it was difficult — but **jumping in** wasn't so bad ...

It was a whole day spent **climbing back out** every time I hated!



That feckless **abandon** epitomises the **MAD ethos**, though, don't you think?

I'd have to ask my lawyer about that, Mike.



Russell Harty here, Alf. Thanks for **inviting** me, Michael.

The artist of the Canyon cover and this one took the prestigious **Hugo Award** many years in a row?

My God! Must you people **keep** dragging that up — he put the damn thing back every time, didn't he?!



Excuse me, Harty!

How **did** you do that swing trick, Alf, really, I mean? ...



What do **you** think? That I starched the ropes and stapled my pants to the seat?! We're not **that** mad at Silly — nor did the artist stand on his head before you ask!

—No! There's only one way to do a job like that: we turn all the printing presses upside-down and hand-letter the titles the wrong way up afterwards.

What! **Two million copies?**!

Two million—
Three million—
You lose count after a while ...

I understand that Alfred E. Neuman is a false name?

Obviously it's too ridiculous to be real — my real name is Alfred L. Neuman.



And the name was swiped from a Hollywood Composer, Alfred Newman, who incidentally, wrote the music for **Psycho** in the shower?

Let's put it another way. **Newman Hollywood** swiped the music from **Alfred Shower** who wrote **names** for a living and turned **psycho** from the incident ...

Either that or Hollywood psycho, '**Swipe A. Name**', showered Alfred — Oh, I can't remember ... it was very ugly.



That is utter nonsense!

I'll settle for a nonsensical utterance. Next question.

How do you get along with the MAD staff?

There is no MAD staff, they exist only in the imagination of **Bill Gaines**, their fine publisher who also writes and draws the whole magazine! By the way, meet my assistant, Bill Gaines, folks!



I — I can't **believe** there is no — well, for example, no **Dave Berg!**

Dave Berg can't believe it either — but it's perfectly true.

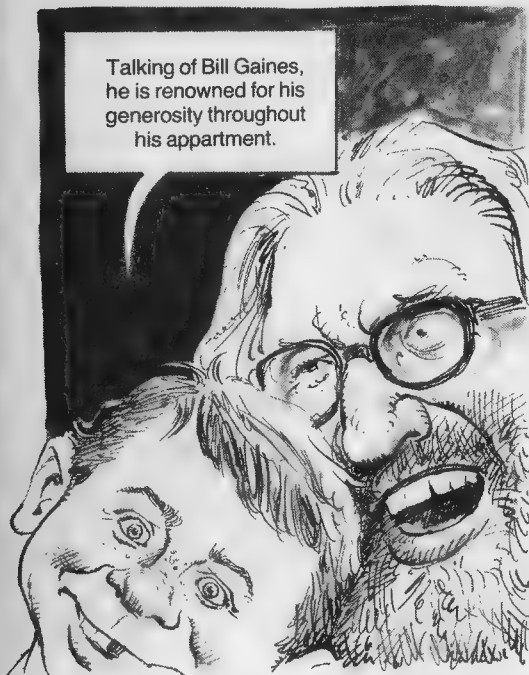


But . . . what about **Jaffee? Martin? Aragonés?** all that well-loved band?!

I admit there may be some people walking around with those names and they may even do the occasional sketch but I — Bill — never receive it!



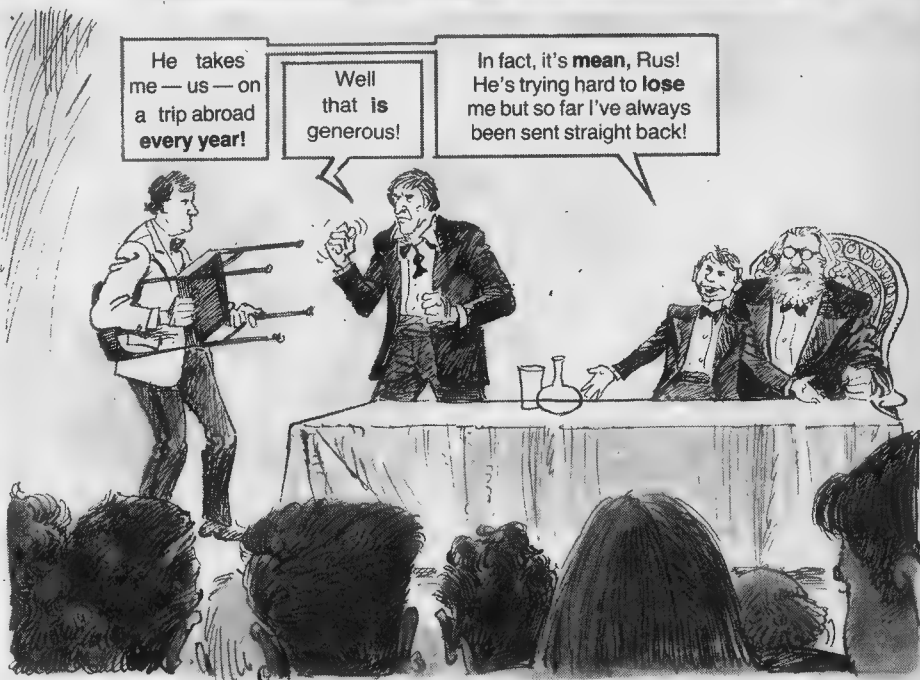
Talking of Bill Gaines, he is renowned for his generosity throughout his apartment.



He takes me — us — on a trip abroad **every year!**

Well that is generous!

In fact, it's **mean**, Rus! He's trying hard to **lose** me but so far I've always been sent straight back!



What was this about you and your dog winning the US Frisbee Championship?

Right! That's where one throws the disk fifty yards and the other jumps and catches it in his mouth!

Is that how you lost your tooth?

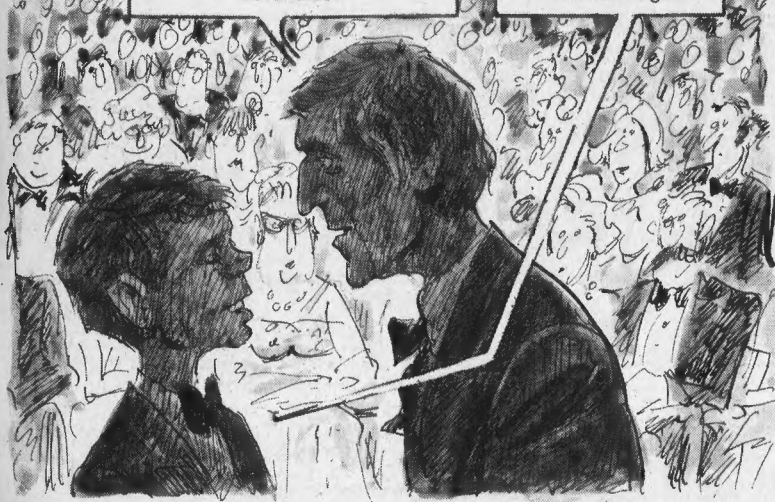


You risk losing a few yourself soon, buster!



Ahem — Is it, er, true that **Norman Mingo** was over sixty before he drew you and was MAD's longest standing cover artist?

Well, **we** certainly never offered him a seat, even though he was well past retirement age.



Is it also true that Norman -indeed- **every** MAD cover artist has gone on to paint **movie posters**?

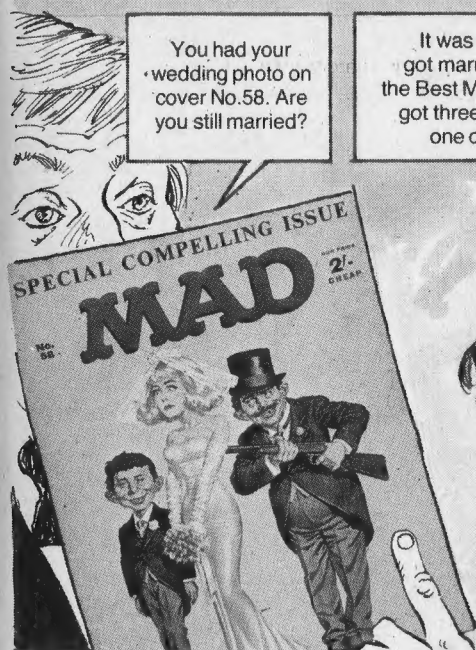
Correct, they all did! No-one could put a mustache on Joan Collins quite like Norm, though — until the police took away his aerosol.



You had your wedding photo on cover No. 58. Are you still married?

It was my **Dad** got married, I was the Best Man. They've got three kids now, one of each.

A boy, a girl - and me.



Being in London, how do you find UK editor, **Ron Letchford**?

I just wait outside the sleaze shops of Soho any morning.



Finally, what are you working on currently?

I've been working towards a **Broadway stage show**.

You've written a musical?!

No, I'm saving for a ticket to see one!



And you've just finished a film, I hear?

That's right and you've reminded me, I've got to pick up those prints before the drug-store — chemist — closes today!

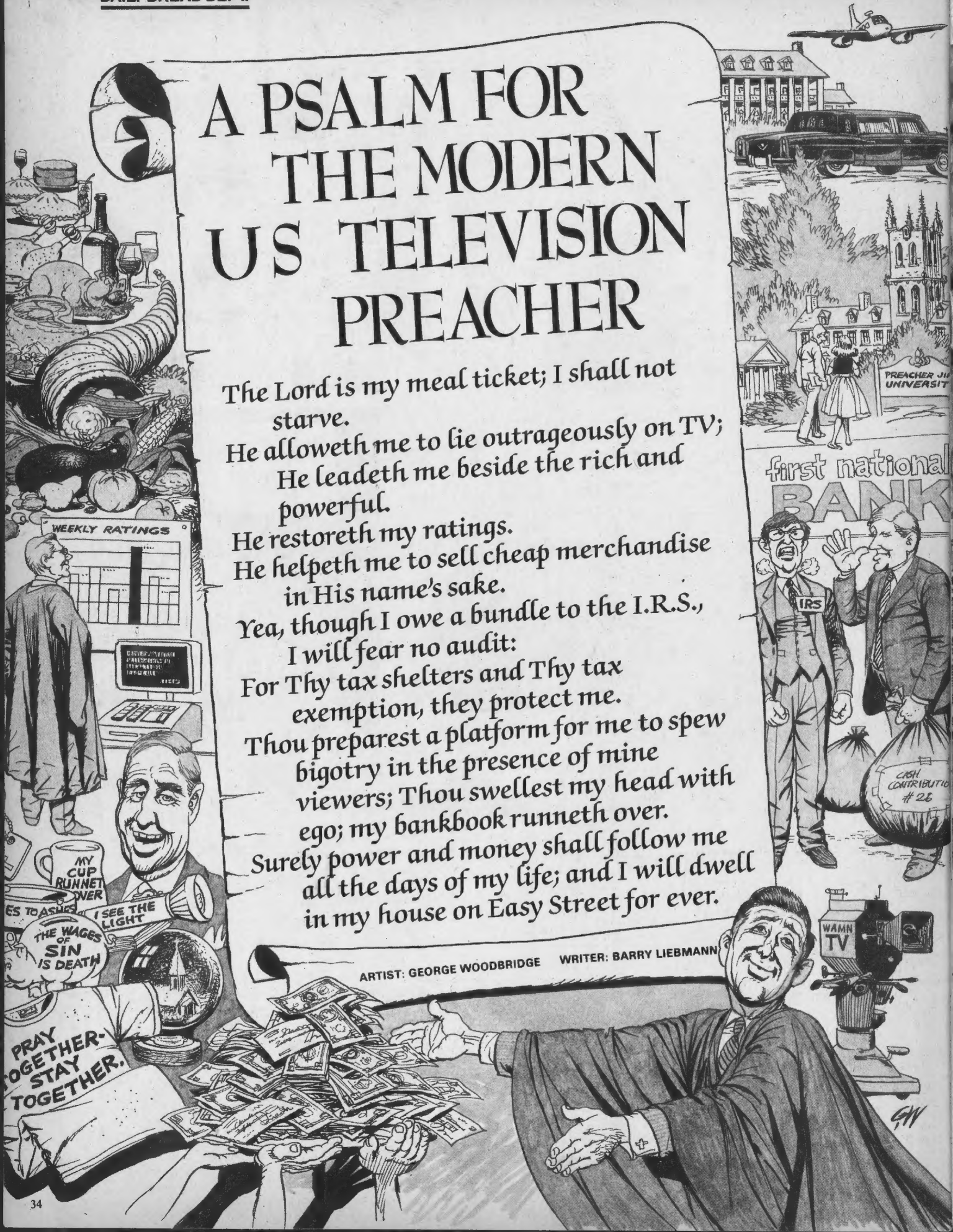
So long, guys, it's been a pleasure.



A PSALM FOR THE MODERN U.S. TELEVISION PREACHER

The Lord is my meal ticket; I shall not
starve.
He alloweth me to lie outrageously on TV;
He leadeth me beside the rich and
powerful.
He restoreth my ratings.
He helpeth me to sell cheap merchandise
in His name's sake.
Yea, though I owe a bundle to the I.R.S.,
I will fear no audit:
For Thy tax shelters and Thy tax
exemption, they protect me.
Thou preparest a platform for me to spew
bigotry in the presence of mine
viewers; Thou swellest my head with
ego; my bankbook runneth over.
Surely power and money shall follow me
all the days of my life; and I will dwell
in my house on Easy Street for ever.

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: BARRY LIEBMANN



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